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NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From our own Reporter.)

NORWICH, Friday, Sept. 18th.

In two very important respects the performance of last night bore a striking contrast to that of Wednesday morning, and yet each had points in common, these latter being their inordinate length, and the production of a new work, while the dissimilarities were a crowded instead of half empty room, and a complete success in lieu of a perfect failure, for I can hardly think *Joash* otherwise after the very decided manner in which the London press has spoken, and the no less decided personal opinions that I have heard, both from musicians and those who were present among the audience.

The outline of Mr. Benedict's *Cantata* was given last week. I now subjoin the musical analysis:—

"The overture intends to portray in the slow movement (B minor) the mysterious appearance of the 'White Lady.' The allegro, C minor and major, to express the strife and struggle in Palestine—the despair of the captive King, interspersed with the melody of Blondel's song. The introduction begins with a lively chorus of villagers in C, interrupted by the legend of the 'White Lady,' sung by the Page Urbain, after which the chorus is resumed. This is followed by a recitative and scene of Matilda, who expresses her hopes and fears, first in a slow movement in G flat, and terminates with a brilliant allegro in E flat. A chorus in B flat, 'A stranger, see, in foreign dress,' brings on Blondel de Nesle, who, in a ballad with chorus (G minor and B major) speaks of his hitherto hopeless errand of finding his friend, and of his determination to persist until he has succeeded. The scene changes to Richard's prison, where in a fiery strain (E major), 'My sight can pierce through my prison wall,' he fancies himself again on the plains of Palestine, fighting and conquering the infidel—then his thoughts revert to his own country and to his beloved Berengaria in a ballad, 'One lovely image near me stays.' Supposing to be again under the walls of Trifols, Blondel, who is animated by a singular feeling of hope (C major), 'The load upon my heart grows lighter,' hears the sound of a lute, 'No doubt some lonely captive, who essays to cheer his weary hours with music's soft and renovating balm.' This induces him to sing the 'dear old song, which charmed his sovereign in his early youth.' The ditty, 'May is into prison cast' (A major), is repeated by Richard's well-known voice; and the second verse, 'When the breath of spring is felt,' preceded by the almost frantic exclamations of joy and surprise of Blondel, ends by the strain taken up simultaneously by the King and his faithful minstrel. A short duet (in F) in which Matilda, who has overheard all, tells Blondel that she will rescue the prisoner—leads to an aria of the Page (A flat), who believes that with these 'hasty meetings, sudden greetings,' &c., something must be amiss, and that 'love has not been asleep.' An animated soldier chorus (in A major) precedes the finale, where Matilda, assuming the garb of the 'White Lady,' putting to flight the retainers, and spreading terror everywhere, enters the dungeon, followed by Blondel. Here she learns too late that her love must be hopeless. Richard and Blondel are saved. Soon the rumor of their escape penetrates everywhere; even the peasants know that 'an eagle was the captive bird.' In the distance Blondel's song is repeated by Richard and his devoted friend, whilst Matilda declares her resolution to find refuge in a convent, and the villagers exultingly exclaim that 'Richard is at liberty'''

The principal personages were thus represented: Richard Coeur de Lion, Mr. Santley; Blondel de Nesle, Mr. Sims Reeves; Urbain, a Page, Miss Palmer; Matilda, daughter of the Castellan, Mdlle. Tietjens. As I feared, Miss Palmer's singing in the morning had by no means improved her voice, and the hoarseness which had been already sufficiently evident, was more than ever painfully apparent, hence the music of the Page suffered proportionately. Mdlle. Tietjens, too, appeared somewhat husky, which is hardly to be wondered at, considering the enormous amount of fatigue she has undergone throughout a long and trying season, to say nothing of her recent performances at Paris (not to mention Worcester), and thus the by no means easy scene which introduces Matilda, although delivered with marvellous energy, did not produce all the effect of which it is capable. "En revanche," Messrs. Sims Reeves and Santley sang nobly, the elegant and beautiful song of the former "I wander in search of a treasure," and the no less charming air, "May is into prison cast" (the words of which are so simple and poetical that I venture to append them as a specimen of the skilfully written libretto of Mr. John Oxenford), both creating an immense impression.—

"May is into prison cast,
Icy chains have bound him fast;
Though the flowers awake from sleep,
From their beds they dare not peep."

Only in the wood is heard,
Sadly singing, one small bird.
Dull and dreary all must be
Till our liege King May is free.
When the breath of Spring is felt,
Icy chains will quickly melt;
Then the flow'r will sparkle forth,
Scatt'ring glory o'er the earth—
Then the birds on every spray
Loud will sing their roundelay.
Bright and joyous all must be;
May regains his liberty.

In the first scene of *Richard*, "My sight can pierce through prison walls" (where the usual arrangement is inverted, the slow movement following instead of preceding the allegro), Mr. Santley's superb voice and impassioned delivery evoked a furor of applause, and most deservedly so, for more magnificent singing was certainly never heard. Of the *Cantata* as a whole I can speak in terms of unqualified praise; indeed, it was only to be expected that Weber's most accomplished pupil would produce a work in every way worthy the composer of the *Gipsy's Warning*, *The Brides of Venice*, *The Crusaders* and *The Lily of Killarney*, by no means forgetting *Undine*, and if I do not like *Richard* quite as well as the last named, it is the fault of the subject rather than the treatment, inasmuch as the real is incapable of affording as much scope to the imagination as the ideal. The reception of the *Cantata* was enthusiastic, and the demonstration at the close such as is only accorded to the few or very exceptional occasions, Mr. Benedict being recalled to the platform with deafening cheers, in which band and chorus united with as much heartiness as the delighted audience.

The second part of the concert (with the exception of the overture to Macfarren's strangely neglected opera of *Don Quixote*) presenting nothing worthy of notice, may be briefly dismissed with a bare record of the fact that it commenced a little before eleven, and terminated (I believe) at something past midnight. I say "I believe," as I certainly did not remain, preferring not to disturb the impression of Mr. Benedict's *Cantata* by a string of more or less common places, all of which have been done to death at the London concerts.

As a matter of course, *The Messiah* to-day has been the crowning point of the week, and had the hall been double the size, it might have been filled. On the principle of "better late than never," a tardy act of justice was rendered to Miss Lascelles, by giving her the contralto music set down for Miss Palmer; Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Weiss, Miss Wilkinson, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Santley singing the other parts; and when I have mentioned these names, I think it will be sufficiently evident that the solo music would not be likely to suffer, while the thorough familiarity of band and chorus could hardly do otherwise than ensure a first rate performance of a work which has done more real good to charities than all the sermons ever preached. The weather has continued magnificent throughout the week, and last night's concert and this morning's attendance will go far towards making up for the comparatively scant audiences of the previous days. Should I be permitted to visit another festival, I hope the managing committee will not again fall into the very serious mistake of engaging only one contralto, and the no less grave error of making their evening concerts of such fearful length, an arrangement which deters instead of attracting a public already satiated with the morning programme. Let them also do away with the absurd regulation forbidding applause in a building which can hardly be entitled to reverential respect when the concluding ball (the prospects of which, by the way, are reported as most promising) is held within its walls, and finally let them suggest, if they will, that no one shall leave during the progress of a piece, but not desire the audience to remain until the end of the programme, especially when that programme lasts more than four hours. Before taking leave of Norwich, let me add my tribute to the exertions of ex-secretary Mr. Roger Kerrison, who, although not appearing in the official list in any more conspicuous position than as a member of the sub-committee, is in reality the life and soul of the festival; not only compiling books with descriptions of the works and biographies of the performers (not quite correct in some instances), but being no less conspicuous for his ubiquity than his urbane and assiduous attention, furnishing information, escorting the fair artistes and doing everything with an earnestness and *bonhomie* peculiarly his own.

The attendances of the present festival and that of 1860 are annexed:—

	1860.	1863.
	Patrons' Area and Gallery	Patrons' Area and Gallery
Tuesday evening	91	583
Wednesday morning	256	717
Wednesday evening	93	1236
Thursday morning	127	688
Thursday evening	161	1184
Friday morning	321	1311
Total	1049	5719
Monday evening 5s. and 10s. 6d.	247	791
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	265	1004

The general returns of attendances at the festivals are:—

1824	8458	1839	7258	1854	5964
1827	9169	1842	7166	1857	6322
1830	6428	1845	7526	1860	7806
1839	5984	1848	7137	1863	8246
1836	6271	1852	6609		

HISTORY OF THE NORWICH FESTIVAL.

The first Norfolk and Norwich Festival was held in 1824, the movement having been originated in the previous year, when the idea was suggested by the late Mr. Bacon and Professor Taylor of substituting a musical festival for the annual "oratorio" and sermon in the Cathedral for the benefit of the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital—whose funds had sunk to a low ebb; the late Mr. J. S. Patteson (father of the present chief magistrate), who was Mayor at the time, and who was elected Chairman of the Committee of Management, gave the movement his warmest support; and though it was at first opposed by the Lord Lieutenant and other governors of the Hospital, those gentlemen, when they found that the public feeling was strongly in favor of it, at once expressed their resolution to encourage it in every way.—All the arrangements were made under the superintendence of a committee, of which Mr. Patteson was chairman, and Mr. Alderman John Browne vice-chairman. The other members were the Revs. J. Bowman, C. J. Chapman, W. Drake, R. F. Elwin, W. Godfrey, R. C. Long, and C. Sutton, D.D.; Messrs. Athow, Bacon, A. Barnard, James Bennett, N. Bolingbroke, E. T. Booth, Crisp Brown, Henry Browne Cobbold, H. Francis, Wm. Herring, John Herring, J. Ives, J. Kitson, P. M. Martineau, G. Seppings, T. Steward, S. Stone, J. Yallop and E. Wedgehouse. The Lord Lieutenant consented to be named as President; the King gave his name as Patron; and the Dukes of York, Sussex and Gloucester, theirs as vice-patrons. The musical arrangements were entrusted to the Rev. R. F. Elwin, Mr. Athow, Mr. Bacon, and Mr. E. Taylor. The corporation granted the use of St. Andrew's-hall for the performances, and gave leave for the erection of an organ at the west end, towards the expense of which they voted £100. The organ was built by Gray, of London, who was materially assisted by Mr. Elwin, who in 1836 added the present pedal pipes.

Under the most favorable auspices, therefore, the first Festival took place in the third week of September, 1824, when three morning performances of sacred music and three evening concerts were given—a plan that has been continued to the present day—except that of late an additional performance has been held on the Monday evening. The principal vocal performers in 1824 were Mrs. Salmon, Miss Stephens, Miss Carew, Madame Ronzi de Begnis, Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Bellamy, Master Kempston, and Signors Garcia and De Begnis. There were 150 persons in the chorus, and 109 in the band. Sir George Smart was the conductor, Mr. Buck and Mr. Pettet assistant-conductors, and Messrs. Cramer and Kieswetter leaders of the band. The Duke of Sussex paid the city a visit on the occasion, and the sum of £2,411 was realised for the charities; the receipts being £6,762, and the expenditure £4,351. There was only one oratorio—*The Messiah*—given entire, the other mornings being devoted to selections. The same programme was carried out at the two succeeding Festivals. In 1827 the singers were Madame Pasta, Miss Stephens, Miss Bacon, Miss H. Cawse, Madame Caradori Allan, Messrs. Braham, Vaughan, Terrail, Edward Taylor and Signor Zucelli. The receipts were £6,498, and the expenses £5,126, giving £1,372 to the charities. In 1830 the vocalists were Madame Malibran Garcia, Madame Stockhausen, Mrs. W. Knyvett, Master Phillips, Messrs. Braham, Terrail, Vaughan, and E. Taylor, and Signor de Begnis. The band had been increased to 121, and the chorus to 220. Sir G. Smart still continued the conductor, with Messrs. Cramer and Mori eaders, and the band included the two

Lindleys, Nicholson, Dragonetti, &c. The receipts were £5,171, and the expenses £4,635, leaving a much reduced surplus. Three oratorios were produced entire in 1833—Spohr's *Last Judgment*, *The Deluge*, by Schneider, and *The Creation*. The singers were Madame Malibran, Miss H. Cawse, Miss Bruce, Madame de Meric, Master Howe, Signor Donzelli, Messrs. Horncastle, Hobbs, E. Taylor and H. Phillips. For solo instrumentalists there were De Beriot (violin), Denhart (bassoon), Distin (trumpet). The band numbered 119, and the chorus 246. The receipts were £4,876, and the expenses, £4,428. In 1836 *The Creation*, *Israel in Egypt*, Spohr's cantata, *The Christian's Prayer*, and *Redemption*, an oratorio adapted by Mr. Taylor to the music of Mozart's *Requiem* (D) were given. Madame Malibran was absent from this Festival, the committee not feeling inclined to pay nearly £700 for herself and husband's services; but there were Madame Caradori Allan, Mrs. A. Shaw, Miss Bruce, Miss Rainforth, Miss Tipping and Madame Assandri; with Signor Ivanhoff, Messrs. Hobbs, H. Phillips, E. Taylor, Hawkins and Signor Lablache. Notwithstanding the absence of Madame Malibran, the receipts were greater than at the previous Festival, amounting to £5,247. In 1839, Professor Taylor assumed the post of conductor, vacated by Sir G. Smart; and the band and chorus was increased to a total of 402. The principal vocal performers were Madame Persiani, Signora Piacci, Miss Birch, Miss M. B. Hawes, and Madame Stockhausen, Messrs. Hobbs, Phillips, Balfé, Young, Francis, and Signor Tamburini. *Israel in Egypt*, Spohr's *Calvary*, *The Messiah*, and *Redemption* were given entire. Dr. Spohr visited England on this occasion, and, besides conducting his oratorio, was engaged as solo violinist; Madame Oury, the pianist, had also an engagement. The receipts were £5,639, and the expenses £4,343, leaving the handsome surplus of £1,296. In 1842 *The Creation*, Spohr's *Fall of Babylon* (first time), *Samson*, (according to Taylor), and selections from Rossini's *Stabat Mater* formed the subjects of the morning performances. Professor Taylor again conducted, and the singers were Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Bassano, Miss Rainforth, Miss M. B. Hawes, Signora Pacini, Messrs. Hobbs, Phillips, Balfé, Bradbury, Young, Walton and Signor Rubini. The production of the *Fall of Babylon* was an immense success, more than 600 persons being unable to obtain an entrance into the hall; still the total receipts were not so much as in 1839, being only £5,175, while the expenses were somewhat more, £4,468. In 1845 Madame Grisi, Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Dolby, Miss Poole, Signor Mario, Signor F. Lablache, Messrs. Hobbs, Hawkins, Machin, Bradbury, and Herr Staudigl, were the vocalists; Mr. Benedict appeared for the first time as conductor, a post he has since retained; Mr. T. Cooke re-placed Mr. F. Cramer, who retired from the profession, as leader of the band, and Mr. Turle was organist; a position he had filled for several festivals. The morning performances comprised a Hymn by Weber, selections from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and Mozart's *Requiem* and *Calvary*, *The Seasons*, Purcell's *Jubilate*, and *The Messiah*. The receipts were £5,432, and the expenditure £4,180. In noticing the Festivals up to this period, we ought not to omit to allude to the services of the Rev. R. F. Elwin, director of the Choral Society, in acknowledgment of which the members, and other friends, presented him in 1846 with a service of plate and a purse of money. In this year (1846) the Choral Society sustained a loss in the death of Mr. John Hill, who since the departure from the city of Professor Taylor, in 1825, had officiated as chorus master, and under whose training the society had become, in the opinion of Mr. Hogarth, "the first in Europe." Mr. Hill's son was elected to the vacant post, and has filled it up to the present time. Mr. T. Cooke, leader of the band, died in February, 1848, and his place at the Festivals was taken, and has since been held, by Mr. Blagrove; Mr. Harcourt also then assumed his present post of organist. The vocalists that year were Madame Viardot Garcia (Jenny Lind having declined an offer of £1000 which was made to her by the committee), Madame Castellan, Mdlle. Alboni, Misses A. and M. Williams, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Lockey, H. Phillips, H. Whitworth and Signor Lablache. The sacred pieces were *Elijah*, *Israel in Egypt*, *The Creation*, Mozart's *Davidde Penitente* and *The Christian's Prayer*. The Duke of Cambridge visited Norwich, and was present at several of the performances. The receipts were £5,266, and the expenditure £4,598. The Festival of 1852 (it having been postponed from 1851 on account of the Exhibition, and of Mr. Benedict's absence in America), was marked by the production of the oratorio *Israel restored*, by Dr. Bexfield, a young composer, a native of the city, and formerly a chorister in the Cathedral, whose premature death prevented his reaching that eminence to which his abilities bid far to lead him; and Mr. H. Pierson's *Jerusalem*. The principal vocalists were Madame Viardot Garcia, Miss L. Pyno, Madame Fiorentini, Miss Alleyne, Miss Dolby, Signor Gardoni, Mr. Sims Reeves, Lockey, Signor Belletti, Herr Formes, and Mr. Weiss. The band presented but little change; the only noticeable one being the addition of M. Sainton to the violins. A feature of this Festival also was the performance of Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the text being read by Mrs. Kemble. *The Messiah* was given on the Friday morning, and has since continued

to be associated with that morning's performance. We think, however, the time has arrived when a change would be very beneficial to the interests of the Festival. We would on no account banish *The Messiah* entirely from the programme, but as its performance is always certain to command a full hall, it would be better to have it earlier in the week, and take another oratorio for the Friday morning, which is invariably well attended, no matter what is offered in the way of attraction. The receipts in 1852 were £5,017 10s. 2d., and the expenditure £4,647 10s. 2d. In 1854, the vocalists were Madame Clara Novello, Madame Bosio, Madame Castellan, Madame Weiss, Miss Dolby, Signors Gardoni, Lablache, Belletti, Sims Reeves, Herr Reichardt, and Mr. Weiss. The solo performers included M. Sainton, Mr. H. Blagrove, and Herr Hausmann. For the morning performances, of which there were four, there was Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, Beethoven's Mass in C; *The Creation*, *Elijah*, *The Messiah*; and *Acius and Galatea* at the Tuesday evening's concert. For the first time the receipts failed to equal the expenditure—the former being £4,239 5s. 2d., and the latter £4,347 14s. 7d. This result was not altogether unexpected; as several adverse circumstances operated unfavorably on enterprises of this kind. The Crimean war, with its attendant disasters to private families, and a double income-tax, were two, and an ill-founded rumour that cholera was raging in Norwich prevented many persons from the country paying their accustomed visit to the city. The deficiency was, however, met by liberal donations from a few noblemen and gentlemen. A meeting of the guarantors was held on the 19th October, at which a statement of the accounts was submitted, and the question put as to whether the Festival should be continued. After some discussion, the decision was deferred until the 9th of November, when the guarantors met again, and on the motion of Lord Bayning it was unanimously resolved that the Festivals should be continued. At this time some change took place in the executive body. By the death of Edmond Wodehouse, Esq., M.P., the office of chairman of the general committee was vacated, and the Earl of Albemarle accepted the post, which he held until recently, when he resigned, and Lord Suffield took his place. Mr. G. Edward Simpson, who had for some years ably filled the onerous situation of secretary, resigned, and the duties devolved solely upon Mr. Roger Kerrison, who had for one or two previous Festivals acted as joint secretary with Mr. Simpson. Mr. Kerrison continued to fill this important office until the end of the Festival of 1860, when at his request he was relieved of the position, which, with its somewhat laborious duties, was accepted by Mr. I. O. Howard Taylor, jun., the present honorary secretary. The Festival was, therefore, resumed in 1857, with Madame Clara Novello, Madlle. Piccolomini, Madlle. Leonhardi, Signors Giuglini, Gardoni, and Belletti, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, Mr. and Mrs. Lockey, and Mr. Miranda as principal vocalists. The Festival commenced with a miscellaneous concert on the Tuesday evening, in the course of which Howard Glover's *Tam O'Shanter* was produced. On Wednesday morning Spohr's cantata *God thou art Great*, Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, and Mozart's *Requiem*, were given; on Thursday morning, *The Mount of Olives* and *The Seasons*; on Friday *The Messiah*; with, as usual, Miscellaneous Concerts on the Wednesday and Thursday evenings. The receipts amounted to £4,348 9s. 6d.; and the expenditure to £3,997 7s. The Festival of 1860 was marked by the production of Herr Molique's oratorio *Abraham*, Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen*, and Mr. Benedict's *Undine*, the first and last written for this Festival. *The Creation*, *the Dettingen Te Deum*, *The Last Judgment*, and *The Messiah* were also given. Madame Clara Novello made her last appearance here; the other principal vocalists being Madame Tietjens, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, Miss Palmer, Madame Borghi Mamo, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Giuglini, Messrs. Wilbys Cooper, Santley, and Signor Belletti. The solo instrumentalists were Miss Arabella Goddard, Messrs. Sainton and H. Blagrove, and Signor Patti. For the first time a cheap concert at 6s. was tried at the commencement of the Festival—and with great success. The total receipts were £5,095, and the expenditure £4,177, of which £1,386 5s. went to the principal vocalists, £966 14s. 6d. to the band, and £482 19s. 6d. to the Chorus.

(For particulars of the Festival just expired see another page.)

THE NORWICH FESTIVAL.

(From the *Norwich Mercury*)

After the First Concert on Monday we gave an opinion of the effect of the alterations in the Hall upon the music. We have now had a week's test in the centre and in the side aisles, and, with some modifications, we believe our impression in general was a correct one. This was that the full body of sound from the organ is obstructed, and does not pass through the arch, and that the remainder is lost in the space around the arch; secondly, that both the quantity of sound which the singer emits, from his distance at the back of the arch, is also materially affected by that distance. For instance, the voice is heard,

and so is the solo instrument, as the singer or player stands at the one side or the other. In the delicate voicing or plucking of the pianissimo passages, neither are heard so well in the middle of the area as they are at a greater distance, by which time it has risen above the mass of the audience directly in front. This would indicate both that the orchestra and singers are not sufficiently high above the floor. At the Handel Festival we recollect testing the point. We found that, when on the side galleries in the transept, near to the orchestra, we could not hear fine and delicate execution, and that on the top gallery in front, at a greater distance and height, we could hear the most finely-drawn note. On the floor we could not hear it even when nearer; clearly showing that the sound rose rapidly and went to the front. It was the same with some of the delicate accompaniments, although, for some reason (the professionals say it is the introduction of amateurs who will play, although they are not equal to accompaniment), the accompaniments were played much less delicately than they were at the last Festival. This, it will be recollected, was a just cause for pride and for praise at that time. Next, when sitting in the galleries, the sound of that part of the chorus in the wing of the orchestra was heard much sooner, distinct from the rest, and much more powerful—the sound from the centre came next, and that from the opposite very last, and much the feeblest. This was the same on both sides, and it is obvious it must be so while the wings are detached from the main body of the chorus, even although a portion of the centre in front runs on the same line with them, but this, it should be recollected, is principally the band, not the chorus; and if it were the chorus, there could be no assimilation or junction of sound between the middle at A and the two sides at C and D. It seems to be forgotten that numbers of voices do not always indicate a greater or less amount of sound. The quantity—the volume of sound a given number of voices produce does not depend on their number, speaking generally, but on the kind and quality they produce. A well-taught chorus "shout without bawling," as we once heard the well-known amateur, Rev. Chas. Smyth, say to the late Mr. French, whom he taught in early life, when he wanted him to produce a fine volume without noise. So it is with chorus—the better they are taught the less will they "bawl," and yet produce a greater volume of sound than numbers who do bawl. And this present defect of the hall will not be remedied until a future committee of a festival or a concert are content with such a number of chorus and instruments as will have sufficient power to fill the hall with such a volume of sound as will produce the effect a composition requires. We have reason to believe the best professional judges say that 200 chorus is ample for any musical effect required in St. Andrew's Hall, and that 70 professionals are ample. In that case an orchestra could be constructed which would include all in the centre, and thus the power which is divided and split, and never really gets together, but is heard separately, as in the case of the tenors and basses, and the sopranos, directly in front of the organ, who were certainly too powerful compared with the rest of the chorus—with whom there was no amalgamation. This was to be regretted, for the whole body not being together in the hall, but some backward with the organ and others at the sides, it was not easy to draw so good a relative comparison of the effect between the east and west end in that respect. The evil of the west orchestra was in the front being too far from the back wall. In the east end, there is the same evil, with the addition that the whole band and chorus are split into different parts, and the hollow behind the arch is a sort of cave of Eolus, where all round sounds seemed to be hurly-burly, and did not come beyond the arch. Whatever the cause, something will have to be done if the present change of the end is to be used for musical performances of a high character. Experience cried out to them to ask advice before they made the alteration. The committee and their architect shut their ears and relied upon their own superior knowledge, and the result is they are laboring under the same difficulty, and, as we venture to think, what will yet be found a much greater evil.

The pecuniary results of the Festival are said to promise a fair surplus. The musical results are certainly that in *Judas Maccabeus*, *Elijah*, and *The Messiah* they have had very fine performances, notwithstanding the effect of Miss Palmer's affliction. Of the Chorus—they deserve, by their performances generally, all praise. In all respects they have done their work capitally. How much more effective, even with far less numbers, if they had been in one body, we need not say. The quality of the tone is much improved, and will be more if all stale voices are weeded. There comes a time with all when the voice, as the most delicate organ, wears up. We say this with all due respect for those who have so long taken their parts at the Norwich Festivals. But it is the truth. There have been some excellent additions from Mr. Rudd's and Mr. Harcourt's scholars, as well as from Mr. Hill's own classes and from the Cathedral choir, and the younger the voices the fresher, and the more quality, if well instructed. The Evening Concerts have also in the main, if not entirely so supremely good as the great Oratorios, been of high character; and although Madlle. Tietjens

was suffering under a severe cold, either from the draughts of the clerestory windows, which it was evident were felt in the orchestra, or from the effects of the recently-erected rooms, she has sustained her great reputation. We regret to hear how much her noble voice wants rest. Madame Sherrington, Madlle. Trebelli, Mr. Weise and Mr. Santley, have shown themselves worthy to maintain the highest rank, and Madame Weise is undoubtedly a most useful, obliging, able and excellent artist. Miss Wilkinson has performed her duty with great good taste; and Mr. Montem Smith is a steady and dependable second, and most useful. He sung some of his ballads very agreeably, and his encore in Haydn's *Canzon* was a deserved compliment. Mr. Sims Reeves has in no way failed in his duty from any cause, and we are glad to see that he appears in better health than when last in Norwich. No one doubts his value as the first English tenor, or his talent and beautiful organ, and the only regret is that it is too susceptible. He sang throughout as a fine artist would where he is appreciated, and has not lost, but gained by his performances on this occasion. Mr. Benedict has again given proof of his earnest anxiety to raise the Norwich Festival, if possible, higher in the scale of such meetings, and he has certainly made a step upward on this occasion. No one can be more desirous to do what is right, and can best conduct, in his opinion, to the interests and reputation of the Festival. If the failure of *Joash* is an unlooked for result, his own well-deserved success in *Richard Cœur de Lion* will balance the former error, for error it was in accepting a MS. of whose merits we apprehend he was not personally cognisant. We congratulate him on the well-earned triumphs of the week. They will greatly more than balance misfortunes, and all we pray him is to have more mercy upon his audience and his orchestra, and be content with just half the quantity of excellence his own generosity has heaped upon the audience in too great superabundance. He will kill them with too much kindness.

We have differed, and still differ, from the committee on many points of their management; but these differences apart—and they are not slight—we are quite ready to render them all justice, and all the praise they properly deserve. They were most anxious to make the Festival able to claim the highest character among such meetings; and they have done a great deal towards it, and may yet accomplish the highest step for them; the material and the capability are there, but there wants a great reform. In public or private matters an *imperium in imperio* must and always does mar its conduct. It will soon become a prey to those who seek only their own objects, and not the one only end—the elevation and prosperity of the object they seek. While giving the committee every praise for upright desires, and the support and performance of the finest music by the finest artists, we take the liberty to suggest to them at once to look forward and see how and by what means they can prepare such a plan for the future as will meet the wishes and wants, and means of the time, and then make future performances, of whatever character they may be, the steps to the supremacy of Festival entertainments in Norwich. There is ample room and verge enough, if the right means be taken to accomplish it. The principle of the guarantee was adopted at the outset because else the funds of the Hospital would have been in jeopardy, as they were by the failure in 1836. Those funds are no longer jeopardised by the risk which the undertaking of a Festival incurs. If this system be discontinued, a Festival or Concerts will be managed and conducted upon the principles of business, and we are quite sure it will then be found, as at Birmingham, remunerative in the proportion as it is right or wrongly managed, and as then those who undertake its management, will not unwisely risk their own resources for any purpose, or through the lapse or incapability of any individual. It is the only right course if they mean to attain still higher position for the music of Norwich.

The police, under the direction of the Chief Constable, aided by Superintendent Barnard, did their duty well, and showed themselves capable of doing all that was needful, and at the same time being civil, firm and courteous.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—*Le Nord* mentions the death of the celebrated comedian Schtepkine, which took place recently in the Crimea, and furnishes some interesting account of his life. Though born a slave and entirely self-educated, he made his way by force of superior ability aided by good conduct, and was received into the best society and treated as an equal. His influence upon the Muscovite stage was immense, and his death is deplored as a national loss.

COLOGNE.—The Theatre de la Ville has just published its programme for the approaching season. The following operas are announced:—*Les Catacombes*, of Hiller; *Lallah Rooké*, of Felicien David; *Rigoletto* and *Un Ballo in Maschera*, by Verdi; the *Prophète* of Meyerbeer; *Hans Heiling*, of Marschner; *Undine*, of Lortzing; *Les Joyeuses Commères de Windsor*, of Nicolai; *L'Etoile du Nord*, of Meyerbeer; and *La Part du Diable*, of Auber.

THE SONG OF CHALK.

(Continued from page 583).

"*Th' Millennium* will far off be
Till sin, and grief, and pain are stayed;
The last subdue, (the way is free),
The first step then to it is made."—*Anon.*

Fytle the First.

"Stay, Mr. Flowers, you go so very quick,
Why do your pupils' voices first get thick?"
Asked Dr. Mend; to which he answer made—
"Foul matter, Sir, in bronchial tubes is laid,
Which lessens voice, and sometimes takes it off;
But which returns after a tickling cough.
I've heard the Doctors say some organs are
Not right, because some voices always jar
Against the ear? What theory have they learnt?
The book it's in most surely should be burnt.
When forty-seven I had no tenor C;
Three years have past, and now I've fiddle G.
When I, four years ago, that high note tried,
It used to jar—its noise none could abide.
All have a voice quite musical and clear,
And when it fails be sure disorder's there.
No sophistry, dear Sir, in this you'll find;
Beware of those who would mislead the blind."
"Don't be severe; but say how many cures
You now have made; this your method most ensures,"
Said Dr. Mend. "Full eighty I've recruited.
Within five years. Hundreds I might have cured.
Every pupil who has practised rightly,
If weak at first, strong becomes and sprightly.
Children of six my exercises sing
With ease, because obstructions up they bring.
This doctrine's new to those who teach from books,
And push the air through lumpy tubes and nooks,
Look to your child—her throat deposits show,
They, Dr. Mend, as blood dams in her grow.
Eyes when inflamed, head ache, and tickling cough
Are signs at which you doctors seem to scoff.
Is it because to cure them shows no skill,
Or is it that for them you have no pill?
Pray answer me; the subject is not one
Which suffering man should sport upon;
I plainly ask, and truthful answer give,
As you do wish your daughter long to live."
Hero Dr. B.'s notorious irony
Broke out. He said "with what prurient
This Mus. Bac. speaks, my chums, of pure air;
If from hot rooms he on a sudden dare,
Jump in a boat on some raw foggy night,
He'd catch a cold, unless he's air proof quite."
"He surely ne'er hath read great Milton's dirge
On Lycidas—these lines attention urge:—
"The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoll'n with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread."
"That glorious poet," said Flowers, "notion spreads,
If false, the wrong falls most on Doctors' heads.
That it is false, I'll prove before I've done;
In madness all, ye know, from waters run.
In Gout and Rheum the fluid air all shun.
Thus when the blood is deaden'd by disease,
The elements of life no longer please.
Still nature tries her best to set chests free,
And so we cough—the reason now give me."
The doctors looked confused at one another.
They silent sat. "Your pipes will Miss Mend smother."
Said Mr. F.; "There is more smoke than fire
In them—from you an answer I require.
Is it not best to cast foul dross away,
Before the drugs on healthy fluids play?
The exercise of muscles of the chest
Does not, like them, on mere experiment rest;
The one is sure to ope the vocal roads,
The other oft some function binds and loads.

* "Cruror" means pure blood; its opposite must first be expelled before the former can properly circulate.

(To be continued.)

THE COVENT GARDEN CONTROVERSY.—Nothing stirring yet, of any noteworthiness, in the operatic or dramatic world. But there has been an echo of the past, in the shape of a fierce personal controversy, carried on in the *Musical World*, which is conducted by one of the most learned and accomplished musical critics of our day—between Mr. Gruneisen, the secretary of the Conservative Land Society, and Mr. Maggioni, who was a contemporary of the other disputant in the earlier days of the Covent Garden Opera—as to the share Mr. G. had in organising that great regenerator of dramatic musical taste in England. It is only justice to Mr. Gruneisen to say, that to him in no slight degree is owing the vast benefit the operatic stage has derived from the Covent Garden Opera. Mr. Disraeli's attack on certain gentlemen for "simpering in gilded saloons," and on a certain popular statesman for "corrupting," with social blandishments, "the once free press of England," had a precedent in Mr. Gruneisen's rebellion against a system adopted by the then lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre, by which he enervated or manacled the critics of that day. Against Mr. Lunley's many merits as a manager must be opposed, with commensurate censure, the faults he committed in the musical direction of his establishment, which led all the great singers (except Lablache) and Costa, the *chef d'orchestre*, to first cabal and then secede. Mr. Gruneisen, who at that time wrote the musical articles in the *Britannia* and in the *Morning Chronicle*, was the life and soul of this movement, which resulted in the establishment of a lyric theatre, which has since been the envy and the model of similar establishments all over the world. Allowing for a certain amount of pugnacity which is inseparable from the temperament of the worthy and indefatigable Secretary of the Conservative Land Society, all honor is due to him for the stand he then made on behalf of the dignity of the operatic stage and the independence of journalism. Signor Maggioni has not given his antagonist sufficient credit for these motives, which, perhaps, he did not, or does not, appreciate. In these days of rapid thought and movement, how soon "the present" becomes "the past!" It seems but the other day that Albini electrified the audience of the new Opera-house, on the opening night, with her marvellous talent; that "Jenkins," of the *Morning Post*, was the champion of "the old House," against the emancipated artists "whose master's name was Beale." Where are they all now? The institution remains, but the men are gone—dead, or ruined—all, save Costa, who still holds his own as the unrivalled organiser of musical art; and Mario, with his unapproached, unapproachable, enchanting voice and style!—*Western Morning News*.

POLYGRAPHIC HALL.—(From a Correspondent.)—This compact and elegant little hall was opened on Monday evening for the "Shaksperian Readings" of Herr Krueger and Miss Heraud, which were lately given with some success at the Crystal Palace and other places. The performance consisted of selections (some of them pretty long) from about a dozen of the plays—tragedies, with one exception only—and lasted just three hours. As there was neither scenery nor dresses, and the performers appeared book in hand, the experiment must be pronounced a rather hazardous one. We cannot speak with much confidence of Herr Krueger's acting, as his reading, his action and his accent are foreign. His vehement passages were his best. In performances of this sort, care should be taken to select none but scenes and passages of the highest dramatic character. Hence, those from Richard and Othello were the most effective. Some of the others might have been more judiciously chosen. A larger infusion of comedy would have been desirable. The scene from the *Merchant of Venice* (which consisted of nothing but Portia's appeal to the Jew's compassion) and the death of Queen Catherine, which are entirely of an epic kind, might have given place to some of the early scenes in *King Lear*, a play comparatively but little known to the stage. Miss Heraud's native and graceful enunciation came out in favorable contrast to the rugged accent and delivery of her compeer, who, however, contrived to make some excellent points. The lady was most successful in Queen Margaret's maternal denunciations of Richard. Each reading was preceded by some music, written for the occasion by Mr. Benthin, and descriptive of the passion to be pourtrayed. The writer possesses an agreeable vein of melody, Italian in style, with sufficient versatility to sustain attention to the end of a task none of the lightest. The best pieces are those illustrative of Love, Compassion, Remorse, and Sympathy. The whole was received with very decided and well-merited approbation. We must not omit Miss Brent's delivery of Handel's song "Angels ever bright," introduced at the death of Queen Catherine. This young lady, who is about to appear at Drury-lane, has a sweet soprano voice, and delivered Handel's inspiration with a purity and simplicity worthy of it.

MR. SILAS AT NORWICH.—It is understood that the Committee of the Norwich Festival intend to vote Mr. Silas an honorarium of 50 Guineas, for the performance of his *Joash*. This is the least they can do.

VARIETIES NOT PLEASING.—Charles Mathews has suddenly appeared at the *Variétés* Theatre in Paris, where he has played in a French version of *The Bashful Man*. We regret to learn that, in spite of his admirable pronunciation of the French language, the effort of our erst unequalled light comedian to please the Parisian playgoers was not a success, and we are scarcely surprised at it. The Parisians are the most egotistical, self-sufficient people in Europe, particularly in matters of Art, and, in spite of the kind reception French artistes ever meet with in England, English actors, actresses, and vocalists are always snubbed and insulted in Paris, and recently, even Titien, in spite of her wondrous vocal and dramatic powers, could scarcely overcome the local *clique* who tried to damn her *début* at the Grand Opera, where, more fortunate or courageous than Mario, she achieved a decided success. It is a pity that when Charles Mathews was in his prime he did not then think of seeking a Parisian reputation, for assuredly no actor on the French stage is the equal of Charles Mathews of fifteen years ago; but now he cannot, with all his art, tact and experience, hide the ravages of age when playing a youthful part; and it is especially lamentable that he introduced two comic songs in the piece. The French have no idea of comic vocalism, except it is *argot* or indecent, and to their ears "patter" songs and "nigger melodies" are alike novel and unbearable. We are not, therefore, astonished to learn from the friendly critic and Parisian correspondent of the *Daily News* that Mr. Mathews' songs were dead failures, and we are only astonished that Mr. Mathews' own experience and common sense did not prevent him from making such a mistake. The Parisians will now be more conceited than ever in matters theatrical, for they will say, "If Charles Mathews is your best actor, he could barely achieve a *succès d'estime*," and they will never believe that he was once an actor whom no Frenchman has ever surpassed for graceful vivacity and dramatic *élan*. We are, happily, not tired of him in England, where he can yet reap fame and fortune as "old men," and in eccentric parts suited to his years and *physique*. Who, for instance, would not give a trifle to see him playing *Citizen Sangfroid*, this week, at the Amphitheatre, in "Delicate Ground"? Compare him with Mr. Cowper, and you will then see how great an actor Charles Mathews is, in a part for which he is in every way fitted.

SALISBURY.—Mr. Aylward's concert could not possibly have gone off better. M. Thalberg, in his *Sonambula* fantasia, fairly outdid himself, and appeared to enter fully into the spirit of Beethoven's Trio, as also the duet of Mendelssohn and Moscheles, for two pianofortes, with Miss Aylward, who took her share of the task with that precision and self-possession which bespeak a thorough musician, albeit the ordeal must have been a trying one. M. Thalberg had also the assistance of Mr. H. Blagrove and Mr. W. H. Aylward, in the trio, which went right well, as it could not fail to do with such performers; and by the great attention it commanded, and the hearty applause which was bestowed upon it, we judged it to be appreciated as highly as any piece during the evening. Mr. Blagrove also played a solo from *Luisa Miller*, the music of which we did not care for, but the performance was irreproachable. Miss Aylward sang a very beautiful scene of Mendelssohn's, entitled "Infelice," which we would like to hear more frequently in concert-rooms. She also displayed good taste in selecting Sullivan's "Where the bee sucks," and Ferdinand Hiller's spirited song, "My heart's in the Highlands," both given with much ease and grace. Mr. W. H. Aylward was the accompanist. We have not had so numerous and fashionable an audience in our Assembly-rooms for some time past.—*Salisbury Herald*.

COLOSSIUM.—MR. GEORGE BUCKLAND, who seems almost as perennial an attraction at the Colosseum as the great pictures it contains, takes a benefit there on Tuesday next. The simple announcement of this fact will, we are sure, be sufficient to ensure a crowded attendance independent of the extra musical attractions provided.

CUPID.

Cupid, one day, with his bow and his arrow,
Sought lodgings within my heart;
I hous'd the young varlet, when lo, to my sorrow,
He pierc'd it right through with his dart:
So deep the incision, so awful the wound,
To cure the misfortune no leech could be found.

The little dog laugh'd at the painful disaster,
Right saucy and loud was his mirth;
Then swore by the gods he could make up a plaster,
The surest and safest on earth:
Two red lips so dewy, and black eyes so round,
Was the plaster he stuck on this terrible wound.

MATTHIAS BARR.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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NOTICES.

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To PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—*All Music for Review in THE MUSICAL WORLD must henceforth be forwarded to the Editor care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear in THE MUSICAL WORLD.*

To CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. SHIRLEY BROOKS.—Mr. Wellington Guernsey has arrived in Dublin from the south of Ireland, where he has been inspecting extensive mining operations in the County of Cork.

Mr. HORACE MAYHEW.—The contractor for the whole of the work, decoration, &c., is Mr. J. W. Lacey, Mr. Joseph Stanley having executed the whole of the mason's work. Messrs. Hart and Son supplied the brass corona; the pipes and fittings were executed by Mr. Pank; and the whole has been carried out from the designs and under the superintendence of Mr. Roores.

Mr. AUGUSTUS MAYHEW.—Veniamo a sapere nel momento di mettere in torchio che la Scala inaugurerà la stagione autunnale, col *Vecchio della Montagna*, del maestro Cagnoni.

BIRTH.

On the 19th inst., the wife of THOMAS CHAPPELL, Esq., of a daughter.

DEATH.

On the 21st June, at Heslerton, New Zealand, VIOLET EMILY, youngest daughter of Charles Ferrers Kuyvett, Esq., aged four months.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1863.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—From the time of Handel, and even from an earlier period, operatic writers have been proverbial for the indifference they have shown in choosing a libretto—as if, indeed, music was everything and the story to be illustrated nothing in an opera. Had one of the numerous Italian operas composed by the author of *The Messiah* possessed the smallest kind of literary merit, or contained any interest for the public, I believe it would have lived down to our own times, for every work Handel wrote for the stage is replete with vocal beauties. A greater dramatic composer than Handel, Mozart, was singularly unfortunate, or, with greater probability, singularly careless about plots for his operas. It was to an entirely fortuitous circumstance that he was indebted for the libretto of *Don Giovanni*—a circumstance to which the world owes one of the loftiest and most imperishable monuments of the human mind. But *Don Giovanni* was the only admirable book to which Mozart adapted music. The *Nozze di Figaro*, to my thinking, is too complicated and too intriguing to serve for musical purposes, and the wonder is that Da Ponte, who borrowed the *Marriage de Figaro* from Beaumarchais, should not have preferred the *Barbier de Seville* of the same dramatist—an

infinitely more real and interesting comedy, to which Rossini owes something of his great renown. Rossini was as indifferent as Mozart in his plots, and the selection of the *Barbier* was no more to be attributed to any decision on his part than that of *Don Giovanni* by Mozart. In fact, composers formerly troubled themselves very little about the work presented to them for setting to music. It was generally given them beforehand by the director of the opera, or, at all events, bespoken, and the sum to be paid agreed upon. The trashy subjects which composers have illustrated, from Handel downwards, is extraordinary, and no wonder so few operas have survived. Spontini was the first composer, as far as I am aware—I leave Gluck in the hands of the classicists—who exhibited some desire to procure a well-prepared piece of canvass and a goodly frame on which and within which to dispose his colors to advantage. Meyerbeer improved considerably on the intentions of the author of *La Vestale* and *Fernando Cortez*, and with that keenness of perception and intuitive knowledge which gives him a place among poets as well as musicians, he saw that the story of an opera should involve a domestic interest, that classic history was a myth to the living world, and that love alone, holy or unholy, happy or unhappy, simple or grand, ruled the destinies of the operatic stage. *Robert le Diable* was certainly not a capital illustration of Meyerbeer's theory, and I must say that the plot may be placed among the positive failures of all times. The splendor and originality of the music, however, aided by a magnificent setting and fine singing, contributed to the success of Meyerbeer's first grand French opera. In the *Huguenots*, as regards his theory, he reached the very acme of perfection—being a complete story of the heart, in which lovers are involved in unforeseen and inextricable difficulties, surrounded by incidents that cannot fail to strike a chord in the breast of all who believe and hope. Magnificent as the music is, the triumph of the *Huguenots* is due to the manner in which the fortunes of Valentine and Raoul are interwoven. Verdi has been even more guarded in his choice of librettos than Meyerbeer, and had he possessed the great German's genius and frugality, from such powerful and happily knit stories as *Ernani*, *Rigoletto*, the *Ballo in Maschera* and others, might have proceeded an opera which would doubtless have secured as triumphant a career as the *Huguenots*. Nearly all Verdi's books are good; even the much-abused *Traviata* is highly interesting.

I am sorry to say our own operatic composers concern themselves less than the composers of any other nation in selecting their books. In fact, they do not select at all, leaving that affair to the manager or publisher, who, too frequently—not to mince matters and not to point in any particular direction—is entirely innocent of the subjects. Mr. Balfe, our most successful operatic writer, was for many years at the mercy of such pens as those of Messrs. Alfred Bunn and Edward Fitzbal, who made more verses and concocted more unmeaning stories than any two reputed scribes in Christendom. Mr. Vincent Wallace, too, by some strange mishap, fell into the hands of the same gentlemen, and was manacled by them too long for his own reputation. Fortunately, both Mr. Balfe and Mr. Wallace were not profoundly versed in the mysteries of poetry, and so extracted their own meaning out of the dull lines given them, which may account for music both charming and new being often wedded to the most impotent versicles in their operas. We have, indeed, one composer who has always proved chary in his choice of a libretto, viz., Mr. G. A. Macfarren, the composer of *The Devil's Opera*, *Don Quicote*, *Charles the*

Second, Robin Hood, and one of the most accomplished musicians the country has produced. But Mr. Macfarren, if I hear rightly, seems to have made a more fatal mistake than even Mr. Balfe or Mr. Wallace, in selecting Shakspere's tragedy of *Hamlet* for an opera. Now, I do not in the least doubt Mr. Macfarren's capability to realise in sounds the wonderful and varied poetry of that play, giving force and beauty to its profound emotions, and, as it were, adding a new commentary by means unexpected to the many which had been advanced before. Mr. Macfarren is as conscientious a musician as he is profound and learned. I am only puzzled to know why the play should be made choice of at all. The composer, of course, like other composers, wrote with a view to the stage, and must have had some artist in his mind's eye to whom he could safely entrust the character of the Danish prince—I know not whether Mr. Macfarren intended Hamlet for a tenor, baritone, contralto, or bass. I conjure up the capacities, vocal and histrionic, of all our artists, without feeling assured that Mr. Macfarren would be satisfied with any one as the representative of him who was the glass of fashion and the mould of form. Mr. Macfarren has, I repeat, committed an error in writing a work for the English stage which, I fear, can never be produced thereon; and the world, no doubt, is deprived of a master-piece, unless the opera be accepted at one of the Italian theatres, and, in the meanwhile, some artist should start into existence with the qualities of a Tamburini and a Mario combined. Shakspere should not be lightly meddled with, but, although Signor Verdi has failed in *Macbeth*, I see no reason why Mr. Macfarren should not succeed in *Hamlet*.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.,
RIPPINGTON PIPE.

(*Au Rédacteur du MUSICAL WORLD.*)

MONSIEUR.—On a beaucoup parlé de Meyerbeer et de *l'Africaine*. C'est la chose du monde la plus naturelle, et nul n'a le droit de s'en étonner ni de s'en fâcher. Le public espère et attend, sans se lasser, une œuvre nouvelle de l'auteur de *Robert le Diable*, des *Huguenots* et du *Prophète*, cette grande trilogie qui a fait la gloire et la prospérité de l'Opéra. Les journaux accueillent et grossissent tout ce qui a rapport à cet ouvrage qu'on a cru souvent tenir, et qui semble reculer à mesure qu'on l'approche. L'attente, surexcitée sans cesse et sans cesse déçue, se tourne en colère et en dépit. Mais il serait injuste et maladroit de mêler le nom du maître à des commérages de pure invention, de lui prêter des propos qu'il n'a point tenus, des promesses qu'il n'a point faites, et de le rendre responsable, en quelque sorte, de bruits qu'il n'a point connus et que, dans tous les cas, il ne peut empêcher. Il a été fort souffrant dans ces trois derniers hivers ; sa santé, raffermie par les efforts de la science, n'est point encore tout à fait dans l'état que souhaiteraient ses amis et ses admirateurs ; il va, pour achever sa guérison, respirer l'air fortifiant de l'Océan sur une des côtes de la Normandie. En traversant Paris il a été l'objet des empreintes et des sollicitations de tout ce qui tient aux arts et au théâtre ; voilà ce qu'il y a de vrai jusqu'ici dans les nouvelles qu'on répand.

L'Africaine n'est ni un mythe ni un mystère ; c'est une œuvre entièrement terminée et prête à être mise à l'étude ; mais encore faut-il qu'on trouve des artistes capables d'en remplir les rôles principaux ; non que Meyerbeer ait jamais nié ou méconnu les talents qui se sont produits de temps à autre, et qu'on remarque en ce moment à l'Opéra ; il les apprécie et leur rend justice : seulement, toutes les voix ne sont pas propres à tous les rôles. S'il s'agissait d'une œuvre

à faire, le maître pourrait tirer parti des chanteurs qu'on lui présente, et il se tiendrait heureux de les associer à son succès. Mais l'œuvre est faite : il n'y a rien à y changer. Tel rôle, par exemple, qui a été écrit pour une voix de soprano très élevée et d'une grande étendue, ne saurait convenir à un mezzo-soprano n'atteignant qu'avec peine à certaines notes ou ne pouvant même y viser. Tout le caractère, l'harmonie, l'ensemble de la partition en seraient détruits. Meyerbeer ne demande ni décors fabuleux, ni mise en scène extraordinaire, ni rien d'impossible et même de trop difficile ; il est aussi impatient que qui que ce soit de livrer cette grande et suprême bataille ; mais il ne peut combattre seul : il lui faut des interprètes, il lui faut des auxiliaires.

Croit-on qu'un maître qui connaît si bien le public ne se rend pas compte des inconvénients d'un si long retard, et que, s'il ne tenait qu'à lui de l'abréger, il ne l'eût pas fait ? Chaque année qui se passe est un obstacle de plus : loin d'augmenter, les talents diminuent ; les belles voix sont aussi rares que les grands artistes. Si l'œuvre ne perd pas, car il est des beautés sur lesquelles le temps n'a point de prise, on ne peut pas dire qu'elle gagne à ne pas être jouée dans son premier jet, dans toute sa fraîcheur ; il en transpire toujours quelque chose, et si la musique a été soustraite à toute indiscretion, à tout plagiat, le secret peut-être n'a pas été aussi bien gardé sur le poème ; on a pu en ébruiter quelques situations et dérober quelques détails, heureusement de peu d'importance et tout à fait secondaires. Mais ce jeu, à la longue, pourrait devenir dangereux, et personne n'a plus d'intérêt que Meyerbeer à le faire cesser. S'il ne donne pas *l'Africaine* cet hiver (notez que je n'affirme rien), on peut être convaincu d'avance que cela est indépendant de sa volonté. Qu'il nous soit permis d'appeler sur un point plus délicat l'attention de nos lecteurs. Par ce temps d'outrecuidance universelle et de fatuite insigne où nul ne doute de rien, il y a quelque chose de touchant dans les craintes, dans les scrupules même exagérés d'un grand maître qui a un tel respect de son art, de son œuvre et du public, qu'il hésite et se trouble comme un débutant à son premier essai. Cependant, de toutes parts on le presse, on le supplie ; on va jusqu'à le sommer de livrer son ouvrage, comme s'il s'y était engagé par une clause expresse et qu'il ne fût plus libre de le donner à sa convenance et à son heure. Enfin des personnes plus impatientes ou plus familières ne craignent pas de mêler quelques injures aux litanies, croyant avoir raison, par ces moyens plus énergiques, des lenteurs et des incertitudes dont elles n'ont pu triompher par la douceur et par l'humilité. Cela me rappelle les commères de Santa Lucia qui, par leur prétendue parenté avec saint Janvier, ont le droit de lui parler avec une extrême franchise lorsqu'il ne se hâte pas de se rendre à leurs vœux. Elles sont dans une tribune, à la gauche de l'autel. Elles prient avec ferveur, avec larmes ; elles envoient des baisers à la statue du saint, qui est en argent massif, avec la tête en vermeil, un peu jaunie et dédorée par le temps. Si le miracle ne se fait point, les bonnes vieilles changent tout à coup de gamme : elles gourmandent leur patron, leur parent ; elles le traitent d'ingrat, de paresseux, d'opiniâtre ; s'il tarde encore, elles lâchent le gros mot ; *Faccia gialluta* (face jaune), veux-tu bien te dépêcher de faire le miracle !

Tous les directeurs qui se sont succédé à l'Opéra depuis 1848 ont, plus ou moins, compté sur *l'Africaine*. Leur premier soin, leur première pensée est d'écrire au maître pour lui annoncer leur avénement et lui demander son ouvrage. C'est une démarche honorable pour ceux qui la font et pour celui à qui elle s'adresse. Meyerbeer n'y peut répondre

qu'avec beaucoup de politesse et de bienveillance. Il est flatté des sentiments qu'on lui exprime; il ira à Paris dès que sa santé le lui permettra; il entendra les artistes dont on lui fait de grands éloges, et, s'ils peuvent chanter ses rôles tels qu'ils les a écrits, sans qu'il soit forcé de bouleverser sa partition de fond en comble, il ne demande pas mieux que prendre des arrangements définitifs et de fixer l'époque où les études pourront commencer. Remarquez d'ailleurs que dans cet échange de lettres courtoises et d'honnêtes procédés il n'y a rien que de vague et de conditionnel. Ce sont de simples pourparlers qui n'empêchent ni retardent aucun projet, aucun travail, aucun ouvrage en cours de répétition. Personne ne s'y méprend, hors les intéressés, qui voudraient faire croire que, s'ils ne sont pas joués, ou s'ils n'ont pas de succès, c'est la faute de *l'Africaine*. Si cette œuvre n'exista pas, à l'état d'espérance ou de menace, ils auraient du génie.

Ayez-en donc, messieurs, et voyons cette affaire.

Faites comme si *l'Africaine* n'exista pas, ou comme si elle ne devait jamais être jouée sur notre première scène lyrique. Produisez vos chefs-d'œuvre, et s'ils peuvent ne point quitter l'affiche deux ou trois ans durant, Meyerbeer s'en consolera, il en est tout consolé d'avance. Mais si les autres sont moins prêts que lui, et s'il trouve demain les interprètes qu'il cherche et dont il ne peut absolument se passer, soyez bien sûrs que demain *l'Africaine* entrera en répétition.

P. A. FIORENTION.

THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—In March, 1852, the *Musical World* copied from the *Times* a criticism on the first concert of the New Philharmonic Society, in which it referred to Mr. T. F. Beale as the "prime mover, if not the originator" of the Royal Italian Opera. To this article I at once replied on the 19th of March, 1852, giving the history of the Royal Italian Opera, commencing with the consultations I had with the agents of Sivori so far back as 1845. In this communication I stated:—

"If any credit be due to the prime mover and originator of the Royal Italian Opera, then, most assuredly I have the right to claim the distinction *exclusively*, the more especially as I gave my *gratuitous* aid in the cause of Art during the years 1846 and 1847, and I have been a severe sufferer in a personal point of view from my connexion with the new lyric establishment."

I then, step by step, narrated the manner in which Galetti of Rome having heard in Paris of Sivori's project, persuaded Persiani to join in the speculation, how Galetti, on my receiving the assurances that *unlimited capital was forthcoming*, adopted my views, giving up *his* notions of an Opera Buffo at the St. James's or Drury Lane Theatre, and the plan of management drawn up by me was accepted: to extend the Italian repertoire, to widen the domain of Art by the production of lyric works of all nations; to create, in fact, an establishment which should combine the essential attributes of the Italian Theatres, the Grand Opera, and Opera Comique in Paris, and the classic German opera music. Mr. Costa agreed heart and soul to this basis of musical action, and accepted the post of composer, director and conductor, stipulating only that Grisi and Mario, who were disgusted with the treatment they had received at Her Majesty's Theatre, and knowing full well that, like Madame Persiani, Tamburini, and Costa, they (Grisi and Mario) were to be got rid of, signed with Persiani and Galetti, and then the gigantic undertaking was forthwith organized, on the 21st August, 1846. The day after the season closed at Her

Majesty's Theatre, I announced in the *Morning Chronicle*, of which I was then the musical critic, the opening at Covent Garden Theatre of the new Italian Opera-house, in 1847. Permit me to cite the concluding words of this memorable manifesto:—

"The main principle of this undertaking is to elevate Lyrical Art, and to place Italian Opera on a basis of efficiency in every branch, never before attained, not only in England, but in Europe."

It is just over 17 years since I wrote the above in the *Morning Chronicle*, and the knowledge that the principle has been fully carried out is to me a source of pride and gratification.

In the same letter in your columns (March, 1852) I gave the history of Mr. Beale's engagement, Persiani and Galetti having been, after much persuasion, brought round to my opinion, as to the importance of having a musical director. I recommended Mr. Beale, having failed to induce Mr. Mitchell to accept the post. When my lamented friend, Mr. Beale, commenced his duties, the entire organization of the Royal Italian Opera for three years (1847, 1848 and 1849) had been accomplished as regards principals, band, chorus, architect, &c. The internal administrative arrangements were alone left to Mr. Beale, with, of course, ordinary managerial duties.

Now, Sir, pray take note that my letter of 29th March, 1852, was never answered. It was either copied or referred to in almost all the metropolitan and provincial newspapers. Its purport was translated into many of the leading continental journals. Mr. Beale warmly complimented me, remarking, "You have taken too little merit for yourself in your short history of the Royal Italian Opera." Both Mr. Costa and Mr. Gye cordially thanked me at the time for having put my name to a truthful and impartial account of the origin of the Royal Italian Opera.

In April, 1861, the writer of an article signed with the initial *R*, claimed for Mario the credit of the "foundation of French opera at Covent Garden." If you will refer to the *Musical World* of the 13th April, 1861, you will find a letter to which I signed my name, again narrating the origin of the "idea" of 1845, as to the universality of Art which Persiani adopted and Costa endorsed in 1846.

No reply was ever made to my letter of April, 1861, so that my two statements of 1852 and 1861 were never answered.

On the death of the respected Mr. Beale, an article appeared in the *Musical World* of 13th July, 1863, in which the credit of establishing the Royal Italian Opera was again claimed for him, Mario's pretensions being apparently abandoned. I at once replied to this article, repeating that the late Mr. Beale had no more claim to be considered "the prime mover, originator, and organizer of the Royal Italian Opera than Mr. Delafield or Mr. Gye."

Mr. Beale being no more, unfortunately, some very small fry entered the field of discussion, one of whom disappeared very rapidly, the first shot of the Monitor sinking his frail craft. But a small beer poet remained, no leaded articles apparently being able to penetrate through his thick skull. Now, giving Maggioni the full benefit of the axiom of Tacitus,

"Ubi sentire quæ velis, et quæ sentias dicere licet."

I am not so thin skinned as to find fault with the frothy farrago of the magnanimous Manfredo in his letter to you of the 19th. When a writer begins to snivel, his drivel may be yawned at and his twaddle laughed at. Manfredo Maggioni, the modern Majocchi, is of the know-everything

school, his opponents are the know-nothings. I am very sorry, but I must knock Maggioni's *i* out. His friend and predecessor of mendacious fame wrote his name Theodore Majocchi. As Maggioni was no doubt interpreter to the House of Lords at the time of Queen Caroline in 1820, if he will refer back to his notes, he will find that Majocchi's name was spelt as I have written it. I regret that Maggioni ascribes ignorance of the Italian language to me, as I once praised a poem by him, and I fear my eulogium must have been a mistake. One point I never arrived at, and that was Maggioni's English in the librettos. Fortunately the Italian words were on the other side, and they had a less Chinese construction about them.

In making two imputations—one of which was a joke—a playful Manfredo—and the other was "less coarse and worldly minded," this generous Maggioni, this fishy poet, has a figurative illustration of his intentions too curious to omit:—"I acted like some coquettish lady, whose under petticoat being handsomer than the outside one, is more proud to show the former than the latter."

Manfredo Maggioni must originally have been a linendraper, a real counter-springer. He says that he "covered his first imputation" (which was the lie under the form of a joke) "under a veil," and his second imputation is now covered under a "petticoat." Let me recommend Manfredo Maggioni for the future to wash his foul linen at home, and be less of an old woman when he rushes into print. Iago and Jachimo imputations and insinuations are foreign to English taste. "Falsum in uno, falsum in omni," one lie must be backed by another. If Manfredo Maggioni had confessed his mistake, as every gentleman is bound to do when he is corrected, then would he not have earned his epitaph. As it is, Maggioni and Majocchi are indissolubly identified—arcades ambo, for a free translation of which he can adopt the two B's of Byron, whose version is quite at the service of the imaginative librettist—I have the honor to be, Sir, yours obediently,

C. L. GRUNEISEN.

16, SURREY STREET, STRAND, W.C.

19th September, 1863.

[This controversy must cease—at any rate as far as our columns are concerned.—ED. M. W.]

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Sept. 24.

Meyerbeer, I understand, is at length inclined to forego his repugnance, and to allow the long-talked-of *Africaine* to be produced at the Grand Opéra. Some persons think that Mdlle. Tietjens has been the cause of this sudden change in his resolution; and, in fact, it is well known that the gratification which the great composer felt when he heard and saw her in the *Huguenots* surpassed all he expected. I myself think there is much truth in this rumor, although nothing is certain. The principal character in the *Africaine*, as you are aware, was written, or, at all events, adapted, for Mdlle. Sophie Cruvelli (Madame La Baronne Vigier), and when she retired from the stage, Meyerbeer was obliged to lay aside his opera for want of a heroine. For years he has waited patiently but anxiously, and no *prima donna* has been found in the most remote degree capable of sustaining the principal personage of his new work, until now, when Mdlle. Tietjens seems to have stepped on the boards of the Opéra, as though on purpose that the long-deferred masterpiece of the greatest living dramatic composer should be given to the world. Mdlle. Tietjens is not re-engaged at the Grand Opéra, but I feel certain will be if the lady be willing.

Of actual news I can find you little. The Opéra goes on in its old-fashioned way, ringing the changes on the *Trouvère*, the *Huguenots*, *La Juive* and other well-used works in the operatic department, and *Diavolina* (for the farewell performances of Mdlle.

Mourawief), *Le Marché des Innocents* and *Le Diable à Quatre* in the ballet. Madame Penco, whose debuts at the Opéra seem to have been most successful, is rehearsing the *Favorita*, and will subsequently appear in the *Trouvère* and *Huguenots*. Her performance of Valentine in Meyerbeer's opera will, I greatly fear, succeed too closely to that of Mdlle. Tietjens to be pleasant. A new ballet is in rehearsal for the debuts of Mdlle. Boschetti, and the *Moise* of Rossini is in active preparation.—The Italian Theatre will open with *Lucia or Rigoletto*, when the celebrated "malediction" tenor, Signor Fraschini, will make his first appearance at Paris. M. Bagier has engaged Mdlle. Lumley, a *mezzo-contralto* and *contralto*, for the Operas at Paris and Madrid.—At the Théâtre-Lyrique they are busying themselves with the rehearsal of Hector Berlioz's *Troyens*, to which the arrival of Madame Charton-Demeur from Baden, crowned with the laurels she had recently won there, has given additional impetus. The utmost curiosity and interest are felt in all circles for Berlioz's opera—for Berlioz is popular with all grades of the community. It would be odd indeed if Hector did not succeed with the "Trojans," and before Paris too. There is something strangely coincidental in this combination of names. The greatest possible pains is being taken with the rehearsals. M. Gounod's new opera, too, is being rehearsed, so that the artists have their hands full, and all is bustle and eagerness behind the scenes.

Your Covent Garden favorite, Mdlle. Antonietta Fricci, I perceive, has entered into the bonds of wedlock with Signor Neri-Baraldi. The happy pair are bound for Moscow, having an engagement at the Italian Opera there. The New York journals announce the death of Mdlle. Vestvali, who obtained so much applause not long since on the boards of the Opera, and whom, by the way, you must remember in London. Mdlle. Vestvali died from aneurism of the aorta. The same papers inform me that Herr Joseph Joachim and his new bride are about to visit the States on a professional tour.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—Some few years back, in your paper the question was asked of those who have the management of musical matters in Norwich, "Why do you not give us *Saint Paul*?" Fresh from the glories of *Elijah*, one is attempted to ask that question again. Is it never to be heard in

SAINT ANDREW'S HALL.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—Allow me to thank you for your kind insertion of my communication last week. I beg to enclose you the excellent result of the meeting, held to-day, called by our worthy ex-mayor, Thomas Goadsby, Esq., which I think will have interest to your numerous readers. Again thanking you, I remain, yours truly and obliged,

R. ANDREWS.

MANCHESTER, Sept. 22, 1863.

SIGNOR SCHIRA has returned to London from Italy. He has, it is reported, brought with him the libretto of a new Italian Opera. Let us hope it will be a better libretto than *Niccolò de' Lapi*. If the music is only as good we shall be satisfied.

Mr. ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS.—If Mr. Mellon were to extend his concerts a few weeks longer, and desired to accommodate his audience, he would also be under the necessity of enlarging the area of the Royal Italian Opera, which has gradually become unequal to the requirements of the constantly increasing crowds who have flocked to these pleasant entertainments. To-night closes the series (which has been prolonged to nearly double the length originally contemplated) with the benefit of the clever conductor, and we have no doubt that the public will testify their sense of Mr. Alfred Mellon's merits by giving a farewell bumper of even more than ordinary dimensions. This week has been prolific in attractions. Monday, Beethoven, with the Pastoral Symphony; Tuesday, a Verdi selection, Wednesday, Meyerbeer; Thursday, Spohr; Friday, Miscellaneous. Mdlle. Carotta Patti, Miss Stabbach, Miss Spiller, Messrs. George Perren and Santley being the vocalists. Of the Spohr performance (the only evening we were present) we can speak in terms of unqualified praise; indeed, we never heard the "Power of Sound" symphony rendered with greater effect, while the No. 8 dramatic concerto for violin was played by Mr. Carrodus in a manner that will add considerably to his rapidly rising reputation.

LETTERS OF FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

(From the second volume of his correspondence just published.)

To "CONCERTMEISTER" FERDINAND DAVID, IN LEIPSIC.

BERLIN, the 30th July, 1838.

DEAR DAVID.—Many thanks for your letter, by which you have afforded me much pleasure. I have been turning the matter over in my mind here, and I think that it was really too much good fortune for us two to have come together, and that one had not to reside here and the other somewhere else, without learning much from each other, as it, no doubt, falls to the lot of many a good fellow to do, in our dear, and somewhat detestable, fatherland; on thinking farther, however, I came to the conclusion that there are not many musicians like you, men who pursue incessantly such a broad straight path in art, and in whose whole proceedings I could take such profound delight as in yours. Such things are never said verbally, therefore, let me write to-day and tell you how your rapid development, during the last few years, has surprised and delighted me; one feels, at times, inclined to be disheartened on seeing so many men of no talent aspiring high aim, and so many men with talent aspiring after a mean one; consequently, really high talent, united to the proper intentions, is doubly refreshing. With the first-class the place here seems to be swarming; I have been obliged to include in it nearly all the young musicians, a few only excepted, who have visited me; they like and praise Gluck and Handel, and everything that is good, and always speak of it, and yet what they write is thoroughly worthless and wearisome; of the second-class, the examples are everywhere. As I have said, in the midst of all this, the mere thought of you is cheering, and may heaven allow us to succeed in giving utterance more and more to our wishes and our inmost thoughts, and in maintaining and not suffering to perish whatever is dear and holy to us in Art. You have, beyond a doubt, a great many novelties which you are preparing for the winter; I shall be heartily pleased to hear them. I have completed my third quartet in D major, and like it very much—I only hope it may please you as well! I almost really believe it will, for it is more spirited, and, for the executants also, more thankful than the others, I fancy. I think I shall begin, in a day or two, to write down my symphony, and, in a short time, to finish it, probably here. I should like, also, to compose you a violin concerto for the winter; one in E minor sticks in my head, and the commencement of it leaves me no peace. My symphony shall certainly be as good as I can make it; but whether popular, whether adapted for street-organs, that is something I do not know; I feel that, with every fresh piece, I am getting more and more into the way of learning how to write exactly as my heart feels, and that, after all, is the only standard with which I am acquainted. If I am not made for popularity, I will not gain it by study or effort; or, if you think that wrong, I will say rather I CAN NOT gain it by study. Really, I cannot, and should not like to be able to do so. Whatever proceeds from within gratifies me, even in its outward effect; and, therefore, I should prize very highly an opportunity of pleasing you and my friends by fulfilling the wish you express—but I can really do nothing of the kind. In my way through life much has fallen to my lot, without my thinking of it, and without my deviating from my course, and the same may, perhaps, be the case now—if not, I will not grumble, but console myself with having done, to the best of my power and judgment, what I could. You take an interest in, and derive some delight from my things, and so do some kind friends: a man should hardly wish for more. Receive a thousand thanks for your good kind words, and for all the friendly things you say to me!—Yours,

FELIX M. B.

—o—

THE LATE MR. DELAVANTI.—At a meeting, held at the Clarence Hotel, on Tuesday, 22nd inst., a committee was formed, and it was resolved that a subscription be opened for the benefit of the widow and children of the late Mr. Delavanti. All donations (whether large or small) will be gratefully received by the members of the committee, and also at the principal music warehouses in Manchester. Contributions from the neighboring towns are respectfully and urgently solicited. Committee—Thomas Goadsby, Esq., Albert Bridge, treasurer; Charles James Samuels, Esq., 46 Portland Street; John Stores Smith, Esq., 13 George Street; Henry Hewitt, Esq., Higher Broughton; Mr. J. M. Hewitt, 73 Market Street; Wheatley Kirk, Esq., Essex Street, King Street; Mr. James Dakin, Shakspere Street, Ardwick; Mr. Thomas Rawson, Broughton Lane; Mr. R. Andrews, 144 Oxford Street; Mr. W. Taylor, 221 High Street, Borough, London. Above £70 was subscribed at this meeting, and the committee most earnestly appeal to public benevolence for prompt assistance in this case of urgent necessity. The next meeting will be held at the Clarence Hotel, on Tuesday next, 29th inst., at four o'clock, when the committee hope to be favored with a large attendance.—James Collins, hon. sec., 76 King Street.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The Annual Meeting of the Metropolitan Schools' Choral Society took place on Saturday afternoon, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin, in the Great Handel Festival Orchestra. The "schools" were represented by nearly five thousand "voices," which almost completely filled the immense area. The speciality of the programme was that nearly every item was the composition of the conductor, which we are inclined to think was a vast mistake. The children—a part of whom only, by the way, have been well taught—had to learn new pieces, and most of these within three or four weeks, and as general rehearsals were impracticable, the effect of the singing was by no means what might have been wished. It was also evident—from the same cause, we may presume—that not more than one half the voices sang, which, however, under the circumstances, was perhaps rather a gain than a loss. Let us not be supposed to run down Mr. Martin's compositions because we decidedly object to them in this case. On the contrary, the choral works of Mr. Martin please us very much, and we have always done them justice. But on the present occasion they were out of place, and were really injurious to the effect of so great a mass of voices which it had been found impossible to bring together for the purpose of practice. The children should have been allotted the simplest and best-known pieces to sing—pieces with which every school was conversant, and which presented no difficulty whatsoever. Moreover, it looked very like self-glorification and a sacrifice of everything to number one, that ten pieces out of twenty in the programme should be the composition of Mr. Martin, and of the remaining ten four had been arranged or harmonised by him. Mr. Martin, we are assured, will take what we say in good part, and accept our hint *en amitié*. The concert opened with Mr. Martin's chorale, "Jerusalem the Golden," with which all the schools are by this time pretty familiar, and which was consequently given with considerable precision by the combined choir. On the other hand, Luther's Hymn, "Great God! what do I see?" and the chorale from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, "Hark, arise a voice is calling"—with which the children should have been even more familiar—did not go nearly so well. Indeed the difficulty of making 5000 voices move together correctly can hardly be estimated, and may be pronounced, under the circumstances, next to an impossibility. That there were several encores must be attributed to other causes than perfect execution. In two instances, indeed, when the utmost simplicity in the pieces was united to the utmost familiarity on the part of the young choristers—as in the old round, "A southerly wind and a cloudy sky," and in "God save the Queen," the whole mass of voices joined confidently, and the effect was surprising. Had all the pieces been of the same kind the success of the "meeting" would have been immense. The entertainments were not restricted to the performances by the children. The orchestral band of the company, under the direction of Mr. Augustus Manns, played an admirable selection in the concert at one o'clock; and at two the band of the Duke of York's School (Royal Military Asylum), Mr. John Wilson, bandmaster, performed marches, quadrilles and popular pieces, in the same locality. After the Grand Concert of the schools, Mr. James Coward gave a series of performances on the Handel Festival Organ; and, to vary as much as possible the entertainments, there was a display of the terrace fountains at half-past two, which appeared to delight the youngsters in an extreme degree. The attendance was enormous—too large, indeed, to permit us to offer a guess as to the number. The directors of the Crystal Palace, remembering the immense success of the young Polish violinist, M. Lotto, have again engaged him, and he has played every day this week, with immense effect. A selection from M. Gounod's *Faust* will also be performed throughout the week by the Crystal Palace band, arranged by Mr. Manns, whose annual benefit, we perceive, is announced for Saturday next. To bring every popularity before the visitors, there is in active preparation Professor Pepper's adaptation of the invention of Mr. Dirck's "Ghost;" so that the manager cannot be said to fall asleep on his oars. But Mr. Robert Bowley never sleeps—at his post.

—o—

CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.—We understand the St. James's Hall' Piccadilly, has been secured for the purpose of exhibiting Church's grand historical moving pictures, which will open early in October, with descriptive lecture and illustrative music. The work has been in progress for upwards of two years, and been painted expressly for London, and have never yet been exhibited.

LEICESTER.—The first of Mr. Henry Nicholson's musical entertainments for the season was given in the New Music Hall on Tuesday evening, on which occasion M. Thalberg made his first appearance in Leicester. The audience was numerous and fashionable, and M. Thalberg's performances were received with enthusiasm. Madile. Carlotta Patti, Miss Fanny Huddart, MM. Vieuxtemps, Ascher, Reichardt and Ferranti, are announced to appear.

AP' MUTTON COLUMN.

RESEKINGS—COMMENTS—ANECDOTES—QUESTIONS—ANSWERS.

MY DEAR MR. AP' MUTTON,—Could you inform me the name of a piece for pianoforte, the *Tema* beginning something in this way (I cannot vouch for the key):—



If so, you would oblige

A DISCIPLE OF DISHLEY PETERS.

No, I cannot.—O. AP. M.

DEAR SIR,—Thinking the following extract from Lord Bacon's *Wisdom of the Ancients* might be amusing to some of the readers of the MUSICAL WORLD, or that portion of the paper devoted to "Owain Ap' Mutton's Column," I have taken the liberty to send it you:—

The tale of *Orpheus*, though common, had never the fortune to be fitly applied in every point. It may seem to represent the Image of Philosophy: for the person of *Orpheus* (a man admirable and divine, and so excellently skilled in all kind of harmony, that with his sweet ravishing music he did, as it were, charm and allure all things to follow him) may carry a singular description of Philosophy: for the labors of *Orpheus* do so far exceed the labors of *Hercules* in dignity and efficacy, as the works of wisdom excel the works of fortitude.

"*Orpheus*, for the love he bare to his wife, snatcht, as it were, from him by untimely death, resolved to go down to hell with his harp, to try if he might obtain her of the infernal power. Neither were his hopes frustrated; for, having appeased them with the melodious sound of his voice and touch, prevailed at length so far as that they granted him leave to take her away with him, but on this condition, that she should follow him, and he not to look back upon her, till he came to the light of the upper world; which he (impatient of, out of love and care, and thinking that he was in a manner past all danger) nevertheless violated, insomuch that the covenant is broken, and she forthwith tumbles back again headlong into hell. *Orpheus*, falling into a deep melancholy, became a contemner of women-kind, and bequeathed himself to a solitary life in the deserts, where, by the same melody of his voice and harp, he first drew all manner of wild beasts unto him (who, forgetful of their savage fierceness, and casting off the precipitate provocations of lust and fury, not caring to satiate their voracity by hunting after prey), as at a *Theatre*, in fawning and reconciled amity one towards another, standing all at the gaze about him, and attentively lend their ears to his music.

"Neither is this all; for so great was the power and alluding force of this harmony, that he drew the woods, and moved the very stones to come and place themselves in an orderly and decent fashion about him.

"These things succeeded happily, and with great admiration, for a time; at length certain *Thracian* women (posset with the spirit of *Bacchus*), made such a horrid and strange noise with their cornets, that the sound of *Orpheus's* harp could no more be heard, insomuch as that harmony, which was the bond of that Order and Society, being dissolved, all disorder began again, and the beasts (returning to their wonted nature) pursued one another unto death as before. Neither did the trees or stones remain any longer in their places; and *Orpheus* himself was by these female furies torn in pieces, and scattered all over the desert. For whose cruel death the river *Helicon* (sacred to the muses), in horrible indignation, hid his head under ground, and raised it again in another place.

"The meaning of this fable seems to be thus:—*Orpheus's* music is of two sorts: the one appeasing the infernal powers, the other attracting beasts and trees. The first may be fitly applied to Natural Philosophy, the second to Moral and Civil Discipline."

I have copied the above exactly as it is written in this old book (printed in 1696), with the exception of music, which, of course, is spelt "musick;" but do you not think, instead of "power and alluding force," it should be "power and alluring force?"—Yours faithfully,

ALFRED J. PHASEY.

O. AP' MUTTON, Esq.

I most certainly do.—O. AP' M.

TO AP. MUTTON, Esq.

SIR—I shall feel obliged if you will permit me to correct an error in your last "column," regarding the "photograph and umbrella of Mr. Brinley Richards." The photograph was not, as there stated, taken by "Mr. Jabez Hughes, of London," but was one of the series published in my album collection of "Welsh celebrities." The error has probably arisen through my being connected in business with Mr. Jabez Hughes, who is a photographic chemist and manufacturer here.

I have the honor to remain, Sir, yours obediently,

WILLIAM GRIFFITH.

THE BAND AND CHORUS AT THE NORWICH FESTIVAL.—Conductor: Mr. Benedict.—First Violins: Blagrove and Sainton, Principals; Bannister, R. Bray, Carrodus, Hon. H. J. Coke, V. Collins, H. C. Cooper, Dando, Day, Hill, Kettenus, G. Vyall, R. F. Wilkins.—Second Violins: W. Watson and Newsham, Principals; Bowles, G. Brown, F. C. Burton, Dr. E. F. Chipp, Clementi, Erskine Goodeve, J. Kelly, Lockwood, Love, F. Noverre, jun., Pratt, Wilkins.—Violin: Webb and Glanville, Principals; Blagrove, Hastings, Merry, Noverre, Scraggs, Trust, J. Thompson, Westrop, Bray.—Violoncellos: Paque, Principal; Dr. Copeman, H. Chipp, Guest, Goodban, Pettit, W. F. Reed, Sizeland, Trory.—Double Basses: Howell and Severn, Principals; Major Gerard, W. Howlett, G. Mount, Sir Archibald Keppel Macdonald, Bart., F. S. Pratten, J. Reynolds, Sharp, Whall.—Flutes: Pratten, Card.—Oboes: Barrett, Nicholson.—Clarinets: Lazarus, Maycock.—Bassoons: F. Haussler, Anderson.—Horns: Harper, Catchpole, Mann, Standen.—Trumpets: J. Harper, J. Sutton.—Cornets: C. Widows, F. Armes.—Trombones: Hawkes, Antoine, Healey.—Ophicleide: Phasey.—Harps: Trust, Miss Trust.—Drums: Chipp.—Side Drum and Triangle: Tyrrell.—Drum and Cymbals: Seymour.—Organist: Mr. Harcourt.—Leader of Rehearsals: Mr. Wilkins.—Chorus Master: Mr. J. F. Hill.—Librarian: Mr. Goodwin. The *Chorus* consisted of 77 sopranos, including the boys of the Cathedral choir, 23 contraltos, 38 altos, 64 tenors, and 80 basses. Of these nearly the whole were members of the Norwich Choral Society; there were a few "extras" from London, and Birmingham, but the addition to the strength of the chorus from these resources was unimportant.

REHEARSALS FOR THE NORWICH FESTIVAL.—The Festival properly commenced with Monday evening's concert; but there were of course the usual rehearsals on Monday and Tuesday, at which such of the public as chose to pay half a guinea had the privilege of entrée. None appeared to avail themselves of it; and, indeed, we imagine that the offer of tickets at 10s. 6d. (they were formerly One Guinea) is rather made by the committee in order to avoid being troubled by persecuting acquaintances for "orders of admission," than with any idea of securing a "paying" attendance. By the system in vogue a ready answer to such importunities presents itself—"We can give no orders, admittance is by tickets alone." That this is so, the fact that the "company" present at the rehearsals is usually confined to the artists themselves and probably a personal friend or two, a few very enthusiastic musical people, and a sprinkling of the gentlemen of the press, who seem to regard the hall simply as an agreeable lounge, where a few hours, which might otherwise hang heavily on hand, may be pleasantly spent. There had been during the previous week nightly rehearsals of the local chorus, at which the public were admitted at 1s., and which were pretty numerously attended.

OWAIN AP' MUTTON

[Contributions to this column in the shape of questions and answers, old scraps of musical history, buried anecdotes, contrapuntal clenches and opinions, whether paradoxical or platitudinarian, are politely requested.]

TORQUAY.—Mr. Chas. Fowler's first Pianoforte Recital took place at Hope Villa, under the patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess William of Baden, who were present. Their Highnesses were enthusiastic in their admiration of the performance throughout, and the same feeling was evident in all present. The selection from Schumann's descriptive little pieces called "*Kinderseinen*" (*scenes from childhood*) was charming. The best, we thought, were "*The Child's Request*," "*The Request Granted*," "*You Shouldn't Frighten Me!*" and "*The Child Falling Asleep*." Mr. Fowler's Nocturne, called "*Upton Vale*," is a very sweet composition, in the romantic style, but perfectly free from that mawkish sentimentality which characterizes so much of the music of the present day. We predict for it a highly successful career when in the hands of his publishers. His new Tarentelle requires another hearing. It seems an elaborate work, and its originality is really somewhat startling. The programme for the second recital offers a perfect feast to the lovers of the music of the great masters. It contains two compositions by Mozart, one by Beethoven, one by Weber, four by Mendelssohn, one by Handel, and one each by Chopin and Stephen Heller.—*Torquay Paper*.

[September 26, 1863.]

POLYGRAPHIC HALL.—On Monday evening Miss Heraud and Herr Krueger gave the first of their new series of Shakesperian entertainments at this hall. The proceeds of the first entertainment are to be given in aid of the National Shakespeare Fund. Each piece was preceded by appropriate vocal music, composed by Mr. Beuthin. The object of these recitations is to illustrate, by means of selections from the works of Shakesper, the various passions of the human mind. Thus, "Love" was represented in the balcony scene with Romeo and Juliet; "Filial affection," by Hamlet; "Compassion," in Portia in the *Merchant of Venice*; "Grief" (*King John*), by Constance. The passages from *Macbeth* were judiciously made, and the characters were pourtrayed in a most creditable manner. In the second part the illustrations were of "Remorse" (*Henry VIII.*), of "Emulation" (*Anthony and Cleopatra*), "Gratitude" (*Henry VIII.*), "Jealousy" (from *Othello*), "Revenge" (*Richard III.*), and "Sympathy" (from *Much ado about nothing*). It will be seen that Miss Heraud sustained twelve characters. This is really an Herculean task, but the judgment with which she regulated her voice and action seemed to lighten the difficulty. Her *confidante*, Herr Krueger, enters into the different roles with energy and spirit. He has to encounter the disadvantage of being a German, but we detect less of the German accent than on former occasions. The hall was prettily and appropriately decorated with flowers and evergreens. Two new scenes are added, the one being a view of the street of Stratford-upon-Avon, and the other the room in which Shakespeare was born and lived. A clever young German artist, named Harold, made his first appearance and executed solos on the violin. The music with which the entertainment was interspersed was tolerable.

GIUGLINI AT FANO.—The *Presse Théâtrale* relates that Signor Giuglini—who, it affirms, "received not less than fifty thousand francs per month at Her Majesty's Theatre"—is now singing at Fano for ten centimes each representation. However incredible this story may appear, it is literally true, and is thus explained. Signor Giuglini was born at Fano. On the occasion of the fair, the manager of the theatre was desirous of obtaining his services. But how pay such an artist! He could not think of offering him a few crowns, and he could afford no more. The celebrated tenor heard of his wish, and called upon him, "My principles," he said, "prevent me from singing for nothing, but you will pay me!"—"Monsieur," interrupted the director, shaking with fear—"You will pay me," continued Giuglini, "for each performance, ten centimes!" The director wept with gratitude, and every evening, after the opera, Giuglini was conducted home in triumph by his enthusiastic fellow-citizens. This story is only one added to many which prove Signor Giuglini to be the most sacrificing and munificent of artists.

ISLE OF MAN.—On Monday evening Mdlle. Van Noorden gave a grand concert in the National School Room, Ramsey, to a crowded and fashionable audience. She was assisted by Miss Annie Ness, Captain Lathbury and Mr. James Brown, and she had the patronage of Captain Aspinwall and the officers of the Ramsey Rifle Corps. The rich and powerful voice of Mdlle. Van Noorden quite astonished the Northerners.

Mdlle. Van Noorden sang at St. Mary's, Buck's Road, on Sunday—the musical service being Mozart's 12th mass, in which this talented artiste sang the soprano solo, as well as those at the offertory and after the sermon. The congregation was very large.—*Isle of Man Times*.

BERLIN.—Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—recently executed with so much success at the theatre of Baden—will be produced in a short time at the opera here. Mdlle. Adelina Patti, now making a furore at Hamburg, is announced by the Impresario Merelli. When Mdlle. Adelina Patti retires, her place will be taken by her sister, Mdlle. Carlotta Patti, in another Italian company, formed by the American entrepreneur, Mr. Ullmann.

Advertisements.

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Composed expressly for Herr ENGEL,
Is published this day (Price 6d), by
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TWO SONGS, by A. F. Frere.

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Illustration for the Pianoforte, Part I.

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"MEMORY,"

Transcribed for the Piano by R. HOFFMAN.

REICHARDT's admired Song, "MEMORY," is now published for the Pianoforte

by R. HOFFMAN.

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FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

Composed by JAMES LEE SUMMERS.

Dedicated to Madame ARABELLA GODDARD.

The above admired piece, played with distinguished success by the composer at his Concert at St. James's Hall, now published.

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SIMS REEVES'S Great Song, "THE MESSAGE," is now published, price 4s., transcribed for the piano by the composer, J. Blumenthal.

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POUR LE PIANOFORTE.

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